

DUKES HIT 'EM WHERE THEY AIN'T; WIN 9 TO 6

TONER LUMBERS AROUND BASES AND SCORES FROM FIRST ON DOUBLE; EXCITING!

RAEDEL DOUBLES HESTER AT THIRD WITH THREE ON AND NIPS RALLY IN 8TH

Jordan Yields Lot of Hits, But Pitches Masterly Ball in Pinches, All of Which Causes Cussing Among Senators.

EVERYBODY JAMMED SPHERE YESTERDAY

Free Hitting Game Excuse for Flighty Infielders—Huelman Gets His Regular Daily Grist of Hot Slams in Game.

While sympathizing hugely with an unfortunate club of ball players, yesterday's fan crowd overlooked something—a regular pitcher. Name's Jordan, and he played in the gray uniform of Albuquerque. That is a good enough way to start a ball-chronicle that presents a number of difficulties in its execution. The outstanding fact of yesterday's contest, however, was that it resulted in the very first defeat Phoenix had undergone, under the eyes of the home crowd.

Not to accuse Jordan of having a whole blacksmith's shop full of horseshoes hung around his neck, but to give him full credit for winning his game against the determined hitting of the Phoenixians, shall be the chief purpose of this, and if they will shove those ads out of the lower part of the column and provide a little breathing space, the words shall flow forth.

Snappy baseball has its disadvantages occasionally, and one of the occasions was yesterday, when too much pep gave Herb Hester another problem to ponder on. George Reed, having divested himself of the rubber reducing coat, and donned flannel, sat himself down in the offing and directed as nice an attack as any pitcher—red headed or otherwise—ever had to stand. Toner met it manfully, but the breaks were against him, and as M. Dunbar remarked, no pitcher in the world could have won such a game as that. Getting down to facts.

Albuquerque started the attack in the usual brusque manner by jamming the delivery of Toner for a single and a double, which, coupled with a boot by Dowling netted a brace of runs in the first inning. The sympathetic score boy set it up as one, but no matter.

Demaggio's walk and Hester's Texas-leaguer over short and Dowling's double tied the score in the Phoenix half of the inning. It was odd about Hester's hit. Hes thought he deserved a sacrifice bunt, when he tapped the ball down right back of the pan and got caught catcher to first. He grew trefol and chewed his spasm at least a mile an hour faster than before. When forced to go back in the hot and take another swing at it, he laid the ball back of Humphries—a neat but inexcusable stunt that put him on first and Nick on third. Dowling's double base smash tied the score.

Visions of another sparkling hill fight were beginning to be had by the few properly noisy fans, when Albuquerque mixed a double and three singles and concocted three more scores in the third. And sure enough, the white suits began to be in evidence on the bags, when, in the fourth, Nutt singled and Lynn doubled. But Nutt was chased to death on the third base line a moment later, when Pittman was roused enough to place the ball in the vicinity of Humphries, and that chap, plus Rael and Davis conspired. It didn't help much that Lynn scored on Scanlon's Texas Leaguer, and that Pittman crossed on a double steal arrangement with Scan, after Rael had dropped the ball. For a moment later Toner clouted the air three times! The scare mark indicates the shock of surprise over Toner's fanning.

From then on, the ball game was reminiscent of Joe Walters toiling with Mr. Ellison Wilson in motorcycle practice. Says Joe, slowing up to ninety miles an hour, "C'mon, boyee!", holding out his hand and playfully snapping his fingers. And Ellie didn't c'mon boyee for a darn. It was just like that. When it was the fifth inning, Albuquerque became rude to the ball and sent it tineling about the lot for two more runs. And in the ninth, it was just the same way, only two bad errors in a row helped instead of any hits that could be discerned with the unaided eye.

Now, it is time to tell some more of Jordan. Reference is made to him off and on in the upper part of this story, as you've noticed. "Twice the sixth, when things happened Tuesday, and by all rights should have happened again yesterday. Jordan took the precaution of having two out, when Toner came up, and instead of fanning the Red Head, he walked him. Demaggio then did a mighty thing. He atoned for all his miserable work the day before, when he picked two two baggers with two careless stabs in left field. He hit the ball, folks, he really did. It

BASEBALL BOOKKEEPING

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

Rio Grande Association			
Club	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
PHOENIX	16	6	.727
Albuquerque	14	6	.700
El Paso	14	7	.667
Tucson	7	16	.304

National League			
Club	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	18	11	.621
Chicago	20	13	.606
Brooklyn	15	15	.500
St. Louis	16	17	.485
Pittsburgh	15	16	.484
Boston	15	16	.484
Cincinnati	12	17	.414
New York	11	17	.393

American League			
Club	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	24	12	.667
Detroit	23	13	.639
New York	17	14	.548
Boston	13	14	.481
Washington	14	17	.452
Cleveland	13	19	.406
St. Louis	14	20	.412
Philadelphia	12	21	.364

Federal League			
Club	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Pittsburgh	21	14	.600
Chicago	21	14	.600
Kansas City	18	14	.563
Newark	19	16	.543
Brooklyn	17	16	.515
St. Louis	14	16	.467
Baltimore	13	21	.382
Buffalo	11	21	.344

Coast League			
Club	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
San Francisco	28	21	.571
Salt Lake	26	20	.565
Los Angeles	31	24	.564
Oakland	24	28	.462
Venice	20	27	.426
	19	29	.396

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY

Rio Grande Association
ALBUQUERQUE AT PHOENIX.
El Paso at Tucson.

National League
Cincinnati at Boston.
Pittsburgh at Brooklyn.
St. Louis at New York.
Chicago at Philadelphia.

American League
New York at Chicago.
Washington at Detroit.
Philadelphia at Cleveland.

Federal League
Brooklyn at St. Louis.
Newark at Chicago.
Baltimore at Kansas City.
Buffalo at Pittsburgh.

Coast League
San Francisco at Portland.
Venice at Oakland.
Salt Lake at Los Angeles.

American League

Box' Eighth Straight
CHICAGO, May 26.—John Collins' perfect throw to the plate in the ninth, nipping Malzel, who tried to score from second on a single, enabled the locals to win the eighth straight. Score: R. H. E.
New York.....6 11 2
Chicago.....7 9 2
Batteries—Kane and Sweeney; Cicotte, Scott and Schalk.

Bunched Hits Win
DETROIT, May 26.—Seven locals got eight hits, which, coupled with three errors by the visitors, won the game for the Tigers, who bunched hits in the third and fourth. Score: R. H. E.
Washington.....5 10 4
Detroit.....19 8 0
Batteries—Shaw, Hopper, Engel, Gallia, Ainsmith and Williams; Dube and Stange.
No other games; rain and cold.

HERE IS AN AUTO SNAKE ANECDOTE

When Colonel Fike automobilized out into the Paradise valley, he certainly must have suspected that he would meet the serpent. And he did, wherefore he thanked his deities for a large bore shotgun he had in the bed of the buzz-wagon.

Within the borders of the valley, and more particularly in the region of Deer valley, Fike came upon the original sin in the shape of a rattlesnake six feet two inches in length, as big around as a well fed rat terrier, and totting in the rear end enough rattles to prove him qualified to vote. He possessed twenty-two rattles and a projection that might have been the remains of a button, or what was left of a twenty-third rattle. "Requiescat in pieces."

BOY SCOUTS WIN

The Boy Scouts of Phoenix won their third successive victory yesterday, when they defeated a team from the Catholic school to the tune of 7 to 2. The Scouts are now putting up a good brand of kid ball.

Hire a little salesman at The Republican office. A Want Ad will see more customers than you can.

MOTORCYCLISTS MARK TIME WITH PRACTICES; LIKEWISE TINKERFESTS

Crandall's Mount Unpacked and Found Up to Standard—Harry Lane May Ride One of Perry's Fast Excelsiors.

WILSON JUMPS TO YELLOW MERKEL

Indian of T. Inler Found Good for Practice, and That's All—Gossip of Speed Bugs in Monday's Big Race.

BY LYLE ABBOTT

Although no new world famous motorcycle riders came to win the Moose marathon and nobody did any spectacular things to put in the news, there was quite an advance among riders and managers toward the last stages of preparation for the race Monday.

For one thing, the Harley that was to have been Dr. Boido's was released and turned over to Joseph Wolters, who proceeded to put the "pip" into it for Harry Crandall. For a second thing, Ellie Wilson, leaped lightly off Tommy Inler's Indian and landed in the seat of Tommy Thompson's Merkel.

For a third, there is gossip of another entry, to-wit one classy young scout yept H. Lane.

Now we shall discuss the third, first.

Harry Lane has not ridden the track since he sped around in a hundred mile race on an Indian. One reason was that Harry Lane was not twenty one years of age until a short time ago. Another, and even more

important, was that he was not yet a member of the motorcycle club.

Wilson's leap was not so surprising. He has had his eye on a yellow pup for some time. Inler's Indian was good enough to practice on, apparently, but not fast enough for the race.

And if Tommy Thompson can get the Mark to riding properly, it will be a pretty fair mount for Wilson.

Crandall and Wolters each took a flop at the new Harley, with results as chronicled by a near relative in another column.

Dogs Must and Shall Go

Like the poor, our dogs we have always with us, but Monday between two ad sometime later, the exact moment of which we shall not predict, how-wows MUST be kept away from the mile track.

Motorcycle racers may be boozed, and as such not much real value for taxation purposes, but racing motorcycles cost money and must not be flimmed up by stray pups. Nor cats. This applies to the youngster who persisted in trotting about the upper turn last Monday.

Box Seats Going

Box seats will be comfortable places Monday, for the sun will not strike any of them to which the public may be invited. The entire front row, outside the shade of the grandstand, will be reserved for the public.

Do to get our best patrons burned. Dr.-Manager Boido made an astronomical observation the other day, and decided that at 2:00 P. M. it would not be fitting and proper to have anybody in that front row.

Additional Sport on Page Three

SPORT... COMMENT

Had McHaffey, the only umpire who sounds like one, been officiating yesterday, somebody would have got mashed on the nose, when the ball players flocked around to protest with visible signs of anger on one of Mr. Sterling's decisions. When Riedel hurled his fist and several other hurled abuse, Mr. Sterling acted the part of a perfect gentleman, however, and war was averted, without the assessment of a single fine.

Here is hoping that the mayor can proclaim a big crowd into the grandstand today. Although yesterday's was a ragged, it was an interesting game—and the sort that deserves to be supported to the extent of a large number of four bit coins.

We hope that if the Albuquerqueans go in today with that same sort of determination, that somebody will invoke the services of the board of pardons and paroles in behalf of Herbert Hall.

John McCloskey averred that he hoped Albuquerque would tackle us today, so that El Paso might "ketch up."

Barney Oldfield ain't a gonna drive Charlie Feller's Bugatti in spite of all the plate matter in the world. The wires inform us that he is seated now in one Sunbeam, a white one, ready to do a stint of many.

nobody has yet succeeded in polling the ball over the fence. Is this to be a jim park for four base hits?

Yesterday's was the eighth game in the Rio Grande association played on the local lot, and while amateur and semi-pro players have more than once hit homers there, this season has been devoid of the excitement that attends the fall of the little round white thing back of the palms.

It was thought that with the arrival of Messrs. Huelman, Carman, et al of the Dukes, the heart-stopping moment of suspense would be experienced here. All the other parks have seen lots of homers already.

Additional Sport on Page Three

P. A. just-jams-joy against your palate!

No matter whether you pack your old jimmy pipe brimful or roll a makin's cigarette, Prince Albert certainly will make you feel like a two-year-old on the tobacco question just as soon as you hitch it up to a match. And that's a fact!

You can't anymore tell how good P. A. is just from talking about it than you can judge the depth of a well from the length of its pump handle. You get personal information dug right out of a tidy red tin or toppy red bag quick as you can conveniently beat it to the nearest shop that sells tobacco!

No matter how much you think you can't smoke a pipe, or roll a makin's cigarette, no matter how much you have been tongue-scolded, you can smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette if you'll take a few grains of faith and believe in Prince Albert. It can't bite your tongue and can't parch your throat, because the bite and the parch are cut out by a patented process owned exclusively by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert. You'll get the quick cue on that!

PRINCE ALBERT

Buy P. A. everywhere in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; peand half-pound tin humidor—and that classy pound crystal-glass humidor

the national joy smoke

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

